

THE VALENTINE DEMOCRAT

SUCCESSOR TO
CHERRY COUNTY INDEPENDENT.

ROBERT GOOD, Editor and Publisher

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THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1896.

Democratic Platform.

The following is a synopsis of the platform adopted by the national convention at Chicago July 9th 1896. The plank referring to free coinage of silver is given in full:

Recognizing that the money question is paramount to all others at this time, we invite attention to the fact that the federal constitution names silver and gold together as the money metal of the United States. We declare that the demonetization of silver in 1873 has resulted in the appreciation of gold and a corresponding fall in the price of commodities produced by the people. We are unalterably opposed to a single gold standard. Gold monometalism is a British policy; it is not only anti-American but anti-American.

We demand the free and unlimited coinage of both gold and silver at the present legal ratio of 16 to 1 without waiting for the aid or consent of any other nation. We demand that the standard silver dollar shall be a full legal tender, equally with gold, for all debts, public and private, and we insist that legislation will prevent the demonetization of any kind of legal tender money by private contract.

We are opposed to the policy and practice of surrendering to the holders of the obligations of the United States the option reserved by law to the government of redeeming such obligations in either silver coin or gold coin.

We are opposed to the issuing of interest-bearing bonds of the United States in time of peace. We demand that the power to issue notes to circulate as money be taken from the national banks, and that all paper money shall be issued directly by the treasury department.

We hold that tariff duties should be levied for purposes of revenue and that taxation should be limited by the needs of the government honestly and economically administered. We denounce as disturbing to business the republican threat to restore the McKinley law, which has been twice condemned by the people in national elections, and which, enacted under the false plea of protection to home industry, proved a prolific breeder of distress and monopolies, enriching the few at the expense of many, restricting trade and depriving the producers of the great American staples of access to their natural markets. Until the money question is settled we are opposed to any agitation for further change in our tariff laws, except such as are necessary to make the duties levied conform to the reverse decision of the Supreme Court on the income tax. There would be no deficit in the revenue but for the amendment by the Supreme Court of a law passed by the democratic congress in strict pursuance of the uniform decision of that court for nearly one hundred years. We hold that the most efficient way of protecting American labor is to prevent the importation of foreign pauper labor to compete with it in our home market.

We denounce the profligate waste of the money wrung from the people by oppressive taxation and the lavish appropriations of recent republican congresses, which have kept taxes high while the labor that pays them is unemployed and the products of the people's toil are depressed in price till they no longer repay the cost of production.

We denounce the arbitrary interference by federal authorities in local affairs and the violation of the constitution of the United States and a crime against free institutions.

Recognizing the just claims of deserving union soldiers, we heartily endorse the rule of Commissioner Murphy that no names shall be arbitrarily dropped from the pension roll, and the fact of enlistment and service shall be deemed conclusive evidence against disease and disability before enlistment.

We extend our sympathy to the people of Cuba in their heroic struggle for liberty and independence.

We are opposed to life tenure in the public service. We favor appointments based upon merit, fixed term of office, and such an administration of the civil service laws as will afford equal opportunities to all citizens of accredited fitness.

We declare it to be the unwritten law of this republic, established by custom and usage of one hundred years and sanctioned by the example of the greatest and wisest of those who founded and have maintained our government, that no man should be eligible for a third term of the presidential office.

For President
WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN
Of Lincoln, Nebraska

For Vice President
ARTHUR SEWALL
Of Bath, Maine

Bryan represents "young America."

If populists are for sale they can get their price at St. Louis this week.

The South Dakota state populist convention endorsed Bryan last week.

While you are talking on the silver side show don't forget the real issue, protection to the American laborer, manufacturer and producer.—*Springfield Herald.*

There is one thing, at least, that is commendable about Bryan's candidacy. He did not pursue the cowardly and unmanly course of remaining silent on the most important question until after he had received the nomination. Everybody knew where Bryan stood on the financial question.—*Polk Co. Independent.*

The Butte Gazette has renounced the democratic party, or at least the platform and candidates, and has come out square for McKinley and Hobart. This is not strange when it is remembered that that paper worked, fought and bled for the entire republican ticket in Boyd county last fall. Don't say a word about amendments just now.

THE POOR EDITOR MAN.

When Bryan was first nominated, many men about town were loud either in their praise or condemnation of him and the Chicago platform. So outspoken were they that THE DEMOCRAT thought it would be a very easy matter to get at least a column and a half of comments for publication. The result was given to the public last week. Many men whose opinions were wanted could not be seen. This explanation is made to account for the absence of some whose remarks were looked for. Many who were loud in their talk one way or the other, became very temperate when talking for publication. Some few refused to be quoted.

All this is interesting to the editor. He is expected to formulate his opinions on the spur of the moment, is not given time for the consideration of problems which are laid before him, and if his snap judgement proves to be wrong, or if upon consideration he concludes it is wrong and wishes to espouse the other side of the question, people call him a "flopper" or other mean things, or say he has been bought, or that some undue influence has been brought to bear upon him which caused him to change his views. He is expected to lose no time in advocating or denouncing a cause, scheme or plan which is before the public, yet he is denominated a numbskull, or a man without brains if he gets on the opposite side of the question from you, which not infrequently happens. Despite this fact he is called upon to do something which our most able statesmen refuse to do—"make up their minds" in a hurry. It is this condition of things which makes an editor grow fat (see THE DEMOCRAT man) upon abuse and get lean, lank and pale when he meets the approbation of all the people. Nevertheless he still continues in business until his creditors freeze him out or he starves to death or some other pleasant thing occurs. An editor seldom quits the business voluntarily.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT.

If elected, will McKinley dare to veto a combination high tariff and free silver bill? Will his election insure the adoption of a sound currency financial policy? Do not and will not the silver senators hold the balance of power in Congress? Did not McKinley work for the Sherman silver bill, not because he thought it was right but to secure the passage of the tariff act which bears his name? Did not this action show that he places the question of tariff superior to that of finance? Will the silver senators allow a tariff bill to pass without a free silver amendment? What then is to be gained by those who say they will vote for McKinley merely because he stands on a gold platform, or rather because he stands on a platform which has a gold plank in it? McKinley does not touch that plank when he can straddle it. Democrats should think of these things before voting for the joss.

The refusal of Dana and his New York Sun to support Bryan and the Chicago platform and their declared intentions of working for McKinley is being made much of by certain people and party papers, but when Dana's record is known it is not a remarkable fact. If he had always been a true democrat, if he had always before supported the ticket, it would be a matter of congratulation for the republicans to be able to claim him as one of their champions. But he has not. Dana is a bolter of the boltest type. He left Hancock at the eleventh hour, and he opposed Cleveland on his first nomination, and now he is at the old stand opposing the ticket once more. Dana's influence will not amount to much.

Bolting papers are publishing a list of eighty-five papers said to be democratic which refuse to support Bryan and Sewall. Fully one-half of these papers are listed in the newspaper directories as independent, as can be ascertained by anyone wishing to take the trouble to investigate. Among these are the Springfield (Mass.) Republican, Kansas City Star, Chicago Abendpost, Easton Express and Fitchburg Mail.

Bryan and McKinley are smooth faced; Sewall and Hobart wear mustaches. In the matter of hirsute growth the two tickets have an even start. That is good and will doubtless prove a good thing for the barbers of the nation. "Mutton chops," "Vandykes" and all other brands of whiskers are barred this year.

The names of W. J. Bryan and Arthur Sewall will grace the head of the democratic national ticket this year. W. J. Bryan is of Nebraska and it is our opinion that the convention nominated the man that could carry the ticket through on a silver basis, if anyone can.—*Norden Borealis.*

Bryan and McKinley; Democracy and Federalism; a tariff for revenue and a tariff for special bounties; a candidate who is free to follow the dictates of his conscience and the principles of just government and candidate who is shackled with pledges to monopolies speculating in legislation.—*St. Louis Republic.*

While the large majority of people in Nebraska may condemn the politics adopted at Chicago, yet it certainly is churlish on the part of any paper or person to not give Mr. Bryan credit for his remarkable ability. Out of the crowd of which he is the representative leader, he is neck and shoulders above them all. Those who expect to influence votes against him, must do so upon the vicious measures for which he stands, and not against him personally.—*Alliance Grip.*

W. J. Bryan, Nebraska's favorite son, the nation's greatest orator and the world's greatest living statesman, was nominated by the free silver democrats today. The Arbor State, the first paper that ever mentioned him for congressional honors, feels a swelling pride in the achievement of this great statesman. Although a populist, its editor means to support Hon. Wm. Jennings Bryan for president, no matter who the populist convention at St. Louis nominates.—*Wymore Arbor State.*

Wonder if the republican editors who cried themselves hoarse against Brice last year do not blush for shame when they laud McKinley, Hobart and their Wall street platform? Last year republican editors held Brice up to the people as a political nightmare because he was wealthy, yet Hobart is said to be much wealthier than Brice, is a Wall street speculator, and is president, director or counsel of at least a couple dozen corporations. In fact, he was only nominated for the number of dollars he would shell out. But that cuts no figure with some editors.—*Delphos (O.) Herald.*

He [Bryan] has spoken for himself and has made himself a household word with every true Nebraskan of this state and especially of this First Congressional district of Nebraska, his home, where all have learned to admire and love him for his true manhood as one of nature's nobleman. His nomination was not a thing of chance, was not the result of any ring combination, but was the immediate result of the greatest political generalship known in the annals of history; a universal popular uprising of the masses, aided and controlled, as we believe, by an overruling Providence.—*Falls City Populist.*

For the populists to put up another candidate means to throw away their votes. We should place our country above party. By supporting Bryan we can defeat McKinley and all his gold-bug backers; we can put the stars and stripes above the British Jack; and we can secure the free coinage of silver and with it better prices, plenty of work, and good times. The populist who refuses to unite with the silver democrats in throwing off the yoke of the British and Wall street money power doesn't want reform—he only wants something to howl about; either that or he is in the party for the money there is in it and not for reform.—*O'Neill Sun. (Populist.)*

There never has been such an uprising of the people for right in this country, outside of the campaigns of 1776 and 1860, as in 1896. In a score of states the republican rank and file, headed by their most enlightened leaders, have raised their voices in righteous protest against the torism of the St. Louis platform. Even market experts, like Lindblom, the big Chicago wheat dealer, figure an electoral majority for Bryan. President St. John, the Wall street banker, who was compelled to resign his position because of his free coinage convictions, predicts that even New York will be carried by the farmers, workingmen and middle classes for the free coinage cause.—*Minneapolis Press.*

HOLCOMB ON FARMING.

In his address at Longpine Chautauqua last Saturday Governor Holcomb presented some very forcible remarks on farming and farmers in general. He believes in irrigation, in Campbell's system of soil culture, and in muscle, not mouth-farming. While the governor may not be much of a farmer himself he endeavored to teach a lesson which the most experienced farmers cannot fail to appreciate as being the true and only practical method of filling the soil in Nebraska. His entire talk of one hour and fifteen minutes might be summed up in three words, viz: Irrigate, cultivate, investigate.

Farmers in Nebraska attempt too much. They would be much better off to farm forty or eighty acres than to try to farm a quarter or half section. A small farm, well irrigated, well cultivated and scientifically worked from plowing time to harvest would yield much greater returns than a large farm now does. Governor Holcomb appreciates that fact, and dwelt upon it. In the days of the Roman empire a man was not deemed worthy of citizenship if he could not support a family from the products of seven acres of ground. Many of our farmers fail to make a living from 160 acres. Farmers of northwestern Nebraska should heed the governor's wise words.

If anybody can tell who is who, or what is what in this campaign he is a phenomenon. There are gold standard and free silver republicans, administration and anti-administration democrats, free silver and cold water prohibitionists, middle-of-the-road and Bryan populists. In this nightmare of politics, one can hardly tell where he is at, and a man's beliefs can only be ascertained by close questioning. The words republican, democrat and populist signify nothing in this campaign. Only one thing is noticeable, and that is that while the free silver republicans are loud in their praise of Bryan, the sound money men are not very enthusiastic over McKinley. Any true believer in sound currency cannot support McKinley. He doesn't represent sound money. If rings, trusts and combines are the proper exponents of sound currency, the people are justified in opposing the movement.

Says the secretary of the populist national committee:

"When our convention meets in St. Louis on the 22nd inst., I believe that a majority of the delegates will be in favor of indorsing Mr. Bryan. There will be a minority faction, however, that is almost certain to bolt. But it will not be an influential faction, and will be composed of about twenty-five or thirty small country newspaper editors, who will demand the nomination of a straight-out populist candidate. The platform adopted by the democrats in Chicago is all right."

Populist papers were loud in denunciation of McKinley because he would not come out square-toed on the financial question, and railed at republican newspapers which straddled or said nothing. The greatest question in the populist party to-day is, "To indorse or not to indorse," yet we can name a dozen populist papers in this part of the state that have nothing to say. "Policy" closes their mouths.

Dodge Hemming, editor of the Rushville Democrat, announces that although his paper has been "conditionally sold" i. e. foreclosed upon, personally he will support Bryan and the Chicago platform. Although the paper may be for McKinley and "protection," Dodge has the sympathy of his brother editors along the line in his financial straits.

Many republican papers claim that the New York World, the greatest daily paper in America, democratic in politics, will support McKinley. The DEMOCRAT invites all who believe the story to call at this office and inspect the file of The World and read the papers received from day to day. No words in favor of McKinley can be found therein.

In our opinion all this talk of putting up a sound money ticket is foolish, as its candidates could not be elected and it would only split up the sound money vote. Far better stand McKinleyism than Altgeldism.—*Butte Gazette.*

The National Bimetallist has hoisted the names of Bryan and Sewall, with the motto, "No crown of thorns, no cross of gold."

THE PRESTON MYSTERY

By LEROY LEACH.

Author of "The Adventures of Don Enrique Romero," etc. etc.
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CHAPTER I.

The Heroine.

It was evening. The sun having thoroughly scorched all animal life beneath it for a period of twelve hours seemed at last content to withdraw over the western hills. Already the cool breeze of a Nebraska evening came in little ripples through the prairie grass, and ran in gentle cat-paws over the surface of the shallow Niobrara, now and then toying with the golden tresses of a young lady who was seated beneath a pine of large size, and who seemed to be thoroughly enjoying the sight of the golden sunset and the songs of the prairie birds who, encouraged by the relaxation of the sun's fierce ray, had emerged from many a cool retreat for a good-night song of thankfulness.

The young girl was the only daughter of a wealthy Nebraska ranchman, Henry Preston—his little Isabel, as he was wont to affectionately term her. The maid was lovely in both face and figure, and Isabel was perfectly well aware of this fact. Many a sunburned cowboy had sighed in vain for her favor, but, though there were many handsome men amongst the large band who watched over the thousands of head of cattle belonging to her father, she treated all with a cold indifference that was decidedly exasperating to three at least of her father's cowboys who daily fumed over the state of affairs as they drove the long horns over the scorching plains. Though each of the noble three had striven in every possible way to draw the maid's attention to himself alone, all had been completely foiled in the attempt to discover which one the maid best liked. Charles Thompson, Will Powell and Edward Belden were one and all types of manhood whose love any woman might be proud to possess, but Isabel seemed completely indifferent to the united efforts to win her smiles.

The maiden sat beneath the pine gazing away over the vast western plain with a thoughtful look on her sweet face. Let us hear her musings: "Now there is Will; a good hearted fellow he is; were it not for that corn-silkly mustache of his, I really believe I could in time learn to love the dear fellow, because he is kindness personified; as it is"—here the maid gave a tragical wave of her dimpled hand—"there is a gulf between us that I am very certain can never be bridged. As for Edward, he is rather too much in love with that treacherous little broncho that he rides Sundays to care as much for a wife as I should expect my lord to do; another thing I don't like is his propensity for indulging in that language generally termed sarcastic. I could never tolerate a sarcastic man around the house, so that being the case, I am afraid his chances with the 'charming Isabel' are even slimmer than those of Will. Charles I believe I like best of the three. He is so quiet and unassuming; just the man to attract the average maid; really, were it not for the fact that there is such a large crowd of good looking men in the world for a pretty girl to choose from, I believe I should answer a demure 'yes' to his proposal, which is sure to come—if his ardent glances count for anything—in a day or so at farthest; but as I don't care for anyone in this deplorably stupid world so much as selfish Isabel, I believe I shall remain simply Isabel Preston, even though it increase the table of male suicides ten per cent. And now, as the 'fair Isabel'—as Edward likes to term me—is possessed of a tremendous appetite this evening, I guess I will forego the pleasure of a twilight's musing, and betake me unto the house of Preston. Alas! I could never romantically fill the part of the hungry heroine, so well described in my favorite romance, for in a very thrilling part of the hungry act I should probably make a headlong dash for the supper table, and thereby spoil all the established rules of romance. And now to supper, where I shall enjoy the society of the dear, delightfully stupid Will, Charles and Edward, the gallant knights who are now, no doubt, sighing for the presence of the 'lovely Isabel!' With a smile of amusement the maid tripped lightly over the sward and entered the large ranch of the Prestons.

CHAPTER II.

The Preston Mystery.

Within the brightly lighted and

comfortable looking dining room a large crowd of cowboys are seated about the long table, enjoying, after their warm day's riding the good things bountifully spread before them by the ranch cook. A little apart from the others at a smaller table is seated the ranch owner, Henry Preston; beside him is his wife and daughter, while on the other side of the table are seated Will Powell, the foreman, and the two favorite cowboys Edward and Charles.

Isabel is unusually gay this eventful evening, and her merry laughter rings more than once through the room, attracting the attention of the other men who cast admiring glances towards the pride of the ranch.

After a hurried supper the foreman arises and glancing toward the maiden remarks: "It is lovely in the moonlight without, Miss Isabel, shall we go for a stroll?"

"With pleasure, Will," responds the maid, rising and accepting the proffered arm of the handsome cowboy, and together they pass from the room, out over the moonlit prairie in the direction of the river, the waters of which reflect a silvery sheen in the rays of the full moon. Romantic thoughts fill the hearts of the two strollers; they are doubtless affected by the subtle influence which holds complete sway over the hearts of all lovers when strolling under the light of the weird old planet Luna.

They halt by the river side and gaze without speaking into its liquid depths. At last Will breaks the silence:

"I love you, sweet Isabel, have loved you for months. Do you care a little for a rough and uneducated cowboy of my general description, or is there no hope for me?"

A strange proposal it was, even though it was straight from the heart of the foreman, and the maid made no reply for some moments, then as Will glanced down at the little face, doubly sweet in the moonlight, he saw tears in the eyes of Isabel as she gave her answer: "I love you, Will, with all my heart."

The happy lover stoops to kiss the little face when the sharp report of a six-shooter rings out on the stillness of evening, and with a cry of pain the maiden falls forward, the blood streaming over her white garments, the victim of some cowardly assassin. Will, with a heart-broken cry of grief, falls on his knees beside her, sobbing in his anguish: "Darling, are you hurt? Speak to me, my little sweetheart!" But the lips of Isabel Preston are silenced forever. A cloud moves at this moment before the face of the moon and darkness falls on the prairie. When fair Luna once more bursts forth in her silvery splendor the forms of the lovers have disappeared as completely as though the earth had opened and engulfed them. Not a ripple shows on the river's surface; silence, a silence which after the sudden tragedy seems awful reigns, to be broken only by the low chirp of the prairie cricket.

In the western sky dark clouds are rising, showing in the vivid flashes thick rolls of heavy vapor, and the rumble of deep thunder heralds the approach of the prairie tempest. Higher and higher it rolls until at last, with a bright flash of lightning and a terrific crash of thunder, it bursts in savage fury; the rain comes in thick sheets, while the wind tears fiercely through the river pines. All at once a flash, dazzling in its intensity, bursts from the clouds above, lighting up the country for miles around with a noon-day brightness and revealing to the eyes of a lost wayfarer a startling sight. In the road before him come three horsemen: clad in long cloaks, and as he springs aside to avoid being rode down, they thunder past him with the rush of a hurricane and all is in darkness. When the next flash lights up the storm-swept heavens the mysterious horsemen have vanished like three phantoms of the storm.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Evening Journal, the oldest paper in Chicago, a republican organ, admits the bimetallism plank in the St. Louis platform is nothing but buncombe.

Bryan is said to be a kindhearted man. Yet he wants to meet McKinley in joint debate.